

Puck

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EVEN SLEEPY OLD NEW ENGLAND IS WAKING UP.



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Editor - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, September 21st, 1892.—No. 811.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

TWO GREAT and good Americans have lately passed away, and left our country the poorer for their going. Each devoted the labor of his life to the public; both reaped a plenteous harvest of love and confidence, working to much the same end, and in a certain sense side by side and shoulder to shoulder; and yet it would be difficult to imagine two more radically different individualities. It is a striking witness to the marvelous scope and variety of America's capacity for producing types of high and noble manhood, that this country should, in one century and within the confines of one comparatively small section, give birth to two such men as George William Curtis and John Greenleaf Whittier.

The character of Mr. Curtis was the complex product of a highly refined civilization. He was a scholar, a patriot, and, so far as theoretical accomplishments went, a statesman. He was a poet at heart, in sympathy and insight, though he had small metrical taste or ambition. Others may have surpassed him for small flights; but, if we consider his long sustained exhibition of power, we must call him the most sweetly, broadly and wholesomely *human* essayist since Charles Lamb. It is in this quality, we think, that he will be longest remembered, and it is this that will most endear his memory to the world. Surely no man has for so many years held such delightful discourse to so great a host of friends of every age and condition as Curtis held in the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Monthly*. Leigh Hunt was trivial beside him; Macaulay a pedant; Hazlitt and De Quincey lacked utterly his genial catholicity. The days when Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson had thoughts to tell the public about were days of youthful and unmellowed judgement. If we would find Curtis's literary kin among the men who have written since Charles Lamb we must look to the ever-beloved author of "Rab and His Friends," or to our own incomparable "Autocrat." Great as was Lowell's charm, he had not Curtis's wise and tolerant love of human nature; his fine scholarship was not so profound in the homely branch of "humanics."

It is with James Russell Lowell, however, that we most naturally compare Curtis. No two men could be more closely allied by the ties of similar tastes, ambitions and mental powers. Their lifetimes long, both men served lofty political ideas with splendid intellectual faculties brought to their highest development by ceaseless study. They were brothers in eloquence and wit. They were the two men perhaps most frequently cited as almost perfect representatives of the best sort of American good breeding and gentleness, which is, at its best, we hope, something more good and gentle than the Old World models on which it was formed. Lowell was no doubt the man of more brilliant and varied gifts; but in personal impressiveness, polished and effective oratorical skill, and keen, practical sagacity he was not Curtis's equal. Surprising as it may be to many people, it is a fact that Mr. Curtis was a practical politician of consummate skill and ability; and it was only a fateful chain of circumstances that kept him out of the high field of public usefulness to which his deserts and desires pointed him.

The character of John Greenleaf Whittier is as a circle that touches on the round of Curtis's life only at the one point of a common patriotism and humanity. And yet it is to be said of Whittier that no man ever lived out his life or fulfilled himself more thoroughly and successfully. "That one talent which is death to hide" he used to the uttermost of its worth. He was not a scholar; he was not a literary artist; in the high creative sense of the word he was not a poet. In truth, he was a poet only in this, that he had by nature the gift of song—or at least an ear for simple, popular and telling rhythms, and for frank, clear metrical expression. Humor he had none; life was to him a serious and important business; what he found to do he did with all his might, and what he saw he saw with a single eye. He might have been called narrow, if two things had not served to make him broad: first, a great loving-kindness of heart, which filled his gentle spirit with peace and the love of all things in heaven and earth; and, second, an absolute devotion to the mighty cause which he served with all his heart and with all his mind and with all his strength.

His verse was honestly and unaffectedly didactic and realistic. He had some things to say which he felt that his fellow-men should hear, and he had the power of saying them in a way that set them running in men's heads to a rhythmic movement. When he wrote for any but this end, it was to tell kindly, simple tales of farm and pasture and meadow-lane; to recount grim and weird old legends of the countryside, or to tell over again his childlike Christian creed, which was all love and innocent trust. He had what an acute critic has happily called the "singing simplicity" of Longfellow; and though he had none of Longfellow's pretty and pleasant fancy, nor ever cared to acquire his brother poet's superficial but graceful culture, he had by nature a strength for which Longfellow vainly strove; and the lyric swing and ring of the impassioned verse that came from his heart will live as long as the burden of a song has power to move men's minds and wake men's souls. These were two great Americans to whom we have bidden farewell.

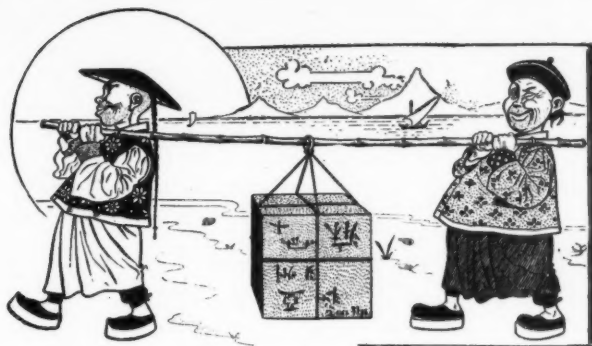
It is good to think of such Americans as these at a time when the meanest side of some other Americans is showing up very conspicuously. There may be worse passions in the human breast than the passion of fear, but there certainly is not one that is more base and contemptible. Men in a panic are not men; and it is hard to say what sort of animals they are, for they often behave much worse than any of the beasts of the field. The present cholera scare has raised up some shocking spectacles of cowardice and selfishness—perhaps we need only say of cowardice, for cowardice is always selfish, cruel and treacherous. The pusillanimous wails from the ships detained in New York Harbor have not had a pleasant American sound. Quarantining people is at best a disagreeable necessity—disagreeable for all concerned—but it is, under certain conditions, an absolute necessity; and it is certainly better that a few hundred people should suffer annoyance, and even discomfort and privation, rather than that hundreds of thousands of their fellow-citizens should be exposed to a peculiarly dangerous pestilence. That the situation of the travelers quarantined in New York Bay has been in some respects particularly bad, is not to be denied. Neither is it to be denied that the hideous emergency which corporate greed has forced upon the health officials of New York was quite outside of any human foreseeing, or that it has been met just about as promptly and as well as the exceptional circumstances of the case permitted.

But if the unfortunates on board the ships have showed a lack of nerve and fortitude in supporting necessary hardships, their weakness sinks out of sight in comparison with the soulless and indescribable brutality of the Islip and Bay Shore villagers who offered forcible resistance to the landing of uninfected passengers on Fire Island, nine miles off their coast. These people had no better excuse for their cruel lawlessness than the fear that talk about a near-by quarantine-station might injure the Summer-resort business of that locality in 1893. If they really believed this, it is rather a pity that they did not put up a good fight, stand by their guns, and show that, even if they were not doing the right thing, they were honest, sincere, courageous men. That they slunk away like the mist of the morning at the report that detachments of the 69th and 13th Regiments and the small body of men who composed the Naval Reserve had been ordered out is galling to our pride as Americans. It is consoling, however, to reflect that there are some specimens of another sort of American alive—such as Governor Flower, the boys of the Naval Reserve and those of the detachments of the 69th and 13th.

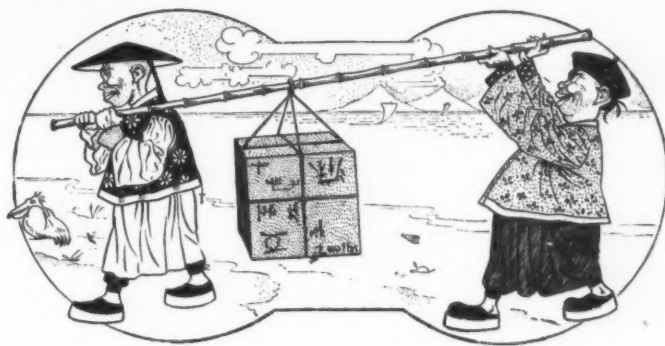


NEGLECTED.

A MEAN SHIFT.



I.



II.

EITHER.

IT WAS a warm, sultry night, and the mosquitos were buzzing about in the humid air. The stars seemed blurred and mildewed, and the leaves scarcely rustled. In the faint flicker of the library lamp sat two men looking fondly upon two glasses of white wine, awaiting impatiently the moment at which the ice should get them somewhere near zero.

Finally the host said:

"I guess they 're sufficiently cold now; help yourself."

And the other replied, in a pre-occupied way:

"Which shall I take?"

"Either," said the host.

Thereupon the guest, with a broad, seraphic smile, took both glasses from the table and emptied them. This took the host's breath away, and he said with an injured air:

"I told you to take either; does either mean both?"

"Sometimes it does," replied the guest.

"I always supposed it to mean one or the other, and nothing else," said the host.

"Do you believe in Thackeray as a writer of English?" asked the guest.

"Most assuredly!"

"Well, then, you may remember that in one of his novels he speaks of a garden path which had a hedge of box upon either side?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, when he said there was a box hedge upon either side of the path, which side do you suppose it was on?"

"Why, on both sides, of course!"

"Precisely," replied the guest; "and that is just why I thought I was entitled to both glasses of wine when you said I might have either. I only wanted to teach you a little lesson in English."

And then the host refilled the glasses, and drank them alone — to the fragrant memory of Thackeray, and the wonderful elasticity of the English language.

R. K. M.



"AN OLD-FASHIONED CLOTHES RINGER."

FALL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

GRIGGS.—Hellow, Barlow! how are you and how is Miss Tucker?

BARLOW.—I don't know. Our engagement is off. She bought me some neckties and I could n't take the risk.

A MATTER OF LOCALITY.

A. FLATTE.—How do you pronounce it, Wagner or Vogner?

B. SHARPE.—If I were at a concert, I should say Vogner; if on a sleeping-car, I should leave my V at home.

THE TROUBLE about organized labor is that it uses the mouth-organ too often.

IT NEEDS no blood-hound to get on the trail of the girl of the period.

WHEN ONE comes to think hard about it, the best protection to American Labor is the wages which its hated enemy, Capital, pays.

SUPPORTING HIS PARTY.

KITTY.—How came you to be sitting in the window with Charlie Baddeman when the Republican torch-light procession went by? I thought he was a Democrat.

BESSIE.—So he is; but it was great fun. He held my hand all the time, so that I could n't applaud.

THE AGE OF REALISM.

"Hunter plays that poverty-stricken seaman capitally."

"Very—they say his poverty is the real thing."

EVERYTHING WAS LOVELY.

"The editor-in-chief, the managing editor and all the editorial writers are sick to-day," said the city editor to the publisher.

"Is the base-ball editor here?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Go ahead and get out the paper."

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Now Autumn of her gorgeous dress
The artistic maid bereaves;
And every bookworm with distress
The painful fact perceives
That many a book which leaves the press
Is bound to press the leaves.

John Ludlow.



TEMPUS FUGIT.

MR. MORRISON ESSEX.—That new girl gone, too?

MRS. ESSEX.—Yes.

MR. ESSEX.—What time did she go?

MRS. ESSEX.—I don't know—she took my watch with her.



(Began in PUCK, No. 806, August 17th, 1892.)

THE STORY OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS PLUMBER'S SECOND UNCLE.



"SECOND UNCLE," began the Conscientious Plumber, after he had attended to the correspondence of the Millionaire of Pea Pack, and rejoined the family on the piazza, where its members anxiously awaited him, "was really a very peculiar man. Simply to pronounce him visionary and of a speculative turn would scarcely be doing him common justice. In speaking of the faults and virtues of people, I endeavor not to enlarge upon facts for or against them, and when I say that Uncle Gilbert was speculative and visionary I would have that statement accepted as the literal truth.

"He often argued, and with great force and grace, that the man who spent his time in manual labor was in reality an idealist who battled for glory in very much the same way that the poet does. In a man working with a pick-ax for a dollar and a half per day, he could see the laureled son of song composing a sonnet for a prospective two-dollar bill. His arguments were as quaint as they were unique, and I often hung about Uncle Gilbert to hear him pour forth his queer opinions and fancies.

"I must admit, however, that my Uncle was consistent with the philosophy that he expounded in his quaint but forcible manner. He would never give his time for a salary, because he claimed that salaries kept people poor. He admitted the beauty of the argument that it is well to know just how much you have every Saturday night; but, so far as he was personally concerned, he preferred never to rejoice in the knowledge of such a fact. He argued that the only people who ever made fortunes through a salary were those who saved therefrom a sufficient amount to enable them to go into some enterprise or speculation.

"Therefore he refused to have any relationship with labor whatever. He would rather invest what money he had in various inventions, in the hope of securing a fortune in a day. He was of so sanguine a temperament that the more ludicrous and absurd an invention appeared, the more faith he would repose in its ultimate success. I would like to have in my possession at the present moment about forty per cent. of the money that Uncle Gilbert put into a machine for making a carpet superior to Royal Wilton of a mixture of sawdust and cat tails."

"Did your Uncle get control of the patent?" asked the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"I believe not," replied the Conscientious Plumber.

"That is where he made a mistake," said the Millionaire; "the

only way to deal with an inventor, when you are furnishing the capital, is first to get control of the patent and then to freeze the inventor out."

"That is the usual method, I believe," coincided the Conscientious Plumber; "but my Uncle always maintained that there was enough for two in any patent that was worthy of pecuniary notice. After he got over the effects of his unfortunate experience with the carpet machine, for he lost the amount of his investment, he was called upon by a man who had invented a liquid for tanning honeycomb tripe, and making it available for valises, slippers, etc.

"He had another liquid which would toughen the tripe and preserve it in such a state that it could be manufactured into indestructible Turkish towels and counterpanes. My Uncle put in a few hundreds of dollars in the belief that he would shortly amass a handsome fortune, and be enabled to carry out the wish dearest to his heart—that of marrying a young woman of his native town, a girl who was the chief particular idol of every man who had the rare good fortune to meet her, and who was so generally beloved that my Uncle feared some one might succeed in taking his prize from him. With this unpleasant thought uppermost in his mind, he lost no time in going forth in quest of such information as might make it possible for him to corner the tripe market upon some future occasion, should such a course become necessary.

"The inventor in this case was a genuine humbug, and was not really in possession of the secret that he claimed. He spoke in glowing terms of the golden fortune that was within easy reach of them, if Uncle Gilbert would only add two hundred dollars more to the amount originally invested. My Uncle thought the matter over with great deliberation, and finally concluded to advance the extra capital demanded, in the hope of making sure of getting back the money which he had already provided, if not an independent fortune.

"It was, indeed, very funny, as I think of it at this late day, to hear poor Uncle Gilbert talking of what he was going to do when he got the leather factory, as he was pleased to call it, under way. The inventor, who was quite a draughtsman, designed some pictures of people using the tripe towel, that he intended to utilize as an advertisement as soon as they should embark upon the tempestuous sea of business. He also had pictures of the factory, with numbers of large wagons being loaded with goods for immediate shipment. The inventor succeeded in securing various sums of money from my Uncle, until he could not induce him to give more; and, at this time, he made it convenient to disappear for parts unknown."

"It is a very rare thing for the inventor to get the better of the capitalist," observed the Millionaire of Pea Pack; "in fact, it is the first case I have ever heard of, and I believe it is the only one on record; and if that inventor could be found, I should think he would be eligible for purposes of public exhibition."

"I have heard Uncle Gilbert make that very remark," replied the Conscientious Plumber, smiling at the coincidence; "for he frequently laughed when he thought of the way in which he had been victimized, and tried, furthermore, to console his wounded spirit by saying that it served him right, and that he was an easy victim, and would, in all probability, always be such, for the simple reason that he was not endowed with a lively sense of humor."

"Then he did not marry the girl?" asked Anita, with an expression that betrayed the curiosity she so keenly felt.

"No, he did not," replied the Conscientious Plumber; "that is, he did not upon the strength of his investment in the liquids for converting tripe into valises and Turkish towel-ing. He was so crestfallen over his loss in that venture, that some of his fiancée's admirers hoped he might deem it impossible to secure the fortune necessary for a matrimonial alliance, and abandon the idea, and leave the blushing June rose upon its tree, to be gathered by one more wealthy than himself. But

the people who argued in this unseemly fashion did not enjoy anything like an intimate acquaintance with my Uncle Gilbert. He was a man who would never surrender; for he possessed a proud, haughty spirit that could not brook any defeat that involved his manhood and self-respect. He was well aware of the fact that every one knew of his



engagement to the most estimable young woman in the town; so he buckled on his armor and went forth determined to marry or to die in the attempt.

"About this time he made the acquaintance of another so-called inventor, who assured him that if he would invest about a thousand dollars he could put him on the highway to success. He regarded my Uncle as a promoter, and naturally had little respect for his honesty, or for his declaration that he would deal only upon a fair and equitable basis. In fact, as soon as my Uncle spoke of being honest, the inventor began to suspect him, probably wondering how he could at the same time be a promoter and an honest man.

"I will admit that my Uncle, although a strictly honest man—a man upon whose word you could rely implicitly—made the sad mistake of wearing ultra-fashionable clothing of English cut, and of always encasing his hands in dogskin gloves, especially in Midsummer; and of carrying himself in the lordly manner of the rural potentate who keeps four servants and ten horses, and yet never smiles upon the earnest pecuniary supplication of the local tradesman."

This was too much for the Millionaire of Pea Pack. He did not belong to this type, to be sure, but some of his dearest friends did, and he laughed heartily as he swayed to and fro and held his sides. When his laughter had subsided sufficiently for the Conscientious Plumber to make himself heard, the latter proceeded:

"To make a long story short, my Uncle was so anxious to be married that he actually advanced the amount asked by the inventor, namely—one thousand dollars—"

"What was the invention in which he had so great faith?" asked the wife of the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"It was a clock," replied the Conscientious Plumber, smiling, for he could not help smiling, "that was designed to run in harmony with the kitchen range and the railroad trains."

"Ridiculous! ridiculous! and yet I do not know why it should be ridiculous, because I can not glean an intelligible idea of what the inventor claimed for it from so brief a description."

"It was designed," said the Conscientious Plumber, in explanation, "to run in harmony with the range, as I have told you, in such a way as to enable the cook to know the condition of the fire while lying in bed. If the clock, which she was to take to her room, should appear to be running down, it would indicate the fact that the fire in the range was going out. Whenever the clock required winding, it would be an unfailing sign that the range was in need of a shovelful of coal. The cook could thus ascertain the condition of the fire at any moment, by consulting the clock."

"Suppose," said Anita, "that the cook, by consulting the clock in

her bedroom, should find that the fire was almost out, could she start it afresh by simply winding the time-piece?"

"That I do not know," replied the Conscientious Plumber.

"How did it work in harmony with the trains?" asked the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"Why, in this way: when the train was behind time the clock would be slow—so slow that a man not knowing it to be slow would start at the regular time and catch the train in every instance, without fail. If the train was ahead of time, the clock would be proportionately fast. The inventor claimed that no man could miss a train with one of his clocks in the house, and it would be equally impossible for the fire to go out. It would be a great boon to humanity, especially that part of humanity which is composed of cooks, who as a rule are not cooks."

"And how did your Uncle fare?" asked the wife of the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"Very much as he did with his other fanciful schemes. The inventor continued to apply for money until my Uncle could give him no more. The latter's dreams of wealth were dissipated one by one. He could not find a purchaser for his ten thousand shares of stock at a cent a share. His money was all gone, and the inventor departed for the Far West in quest of a new victim. My Uncle then abandoned speculations of all kinds. He spent four thousand dollars in learning the grand lesson that the best and surest money is that which one earns with his own hands; and I think, after all, he made a very good investment."

"And did he marry the girl?" asked Anita interestedly.

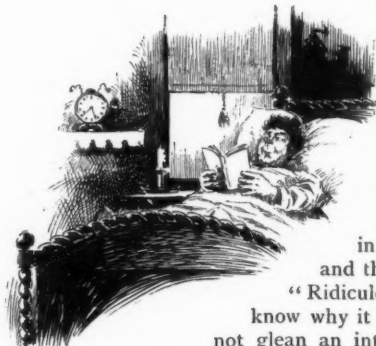
"Of course he did! he concluded that she was just the girl for him, because her attitude did not change with his fortunes. He borrowed sufficient money from my Third Uncle to buy a dozen flutes and four dozen Jews harps, and with these unrighteous musical instruments in a pack, he set out on foot, and peddled them from door to door. As he performed beautifully, he found no trouble in disposing of his unhallowed wares, for it seemed so easy to play on these instruments, that almost every farmer thought he could learn to discourse upon them as meritoriously as did my Uncle in a day or two.

"With the money secured for the first lot, my Uncle paid his brother the amount of his generous and timely loan and laid in another stock, which he disposed of in a manner similar to that of the first. Was he happy? Well, I should say he was! because he was rich in two blessings—the best of wives, and the knowledge of the fact that the only way to success is through industry and self-reliance, and not through idle dreaming."

When the Conscientious Plumber had concluded, they all stepped into the Millionaire of Pea Pack's carriage for a drive to Mendham before dinner. When they had started, Anita remarked to the Conscientious Plumber, who sat beside her: "your Third Uncle, who made the loan for the flutes, must have been a very generous man."

"He was, and also a very eccentric one, as you shall shortly see," replied the Conscientious Plumber.

(To be continued.)



THE SPECTACULAR SEASON.



THE GRAND VIZIER.—To your knees—the Sultan is coming, on his elephant of state!

HOARSE WHISPER FROM THE WINGS.—The elephant's been seized by a deputy sheriff!



THE GRAND VIZIER (with great presence of mind).—The Sultan has dismounted, and approaches on foot!

TWO SIDES OF IT.



HE.
IF YOU were but in love with me
As I, dear, am with you —
Think how your heart would grieve to see
Each cherished hope untrue;
And think how dark the world would seem
At the sad ending of your dream!

SHE.
If you were not in love with me
As I am not with you,
Imagine how you'd long to flee
As I now yearn to do —
Think, think, oh, think! how bored you'd be
If you were not in love with me!

Madeline S. Bridges.



WHERE IS KEELEY NOW?

MRS. PAUL KNIGHT.—When my husband comes home late from the Club, the butler locks him up here for an hour or so. That usually cures him for about six months.

COME TO STAY.

"What advice would you give to a young Englishman who had come to this country with the determination not to return to England until he had made his fortune?"
"To take out naturalization papers."

A PARK POLICEMAN.

"Kape ahf the ghrass!" he interjects —
Strange sight, as ever seen!
A son of Erin, who objects
To "Wearing of the Green!" H. J.

A LIGHT COURSE.

CORA.—What is the "course of true love" that we so often hear spoken of?

DORA.—Water and a crust, usually.

WHIPPER.—Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

SNAPPER.—And most of them are trying to build a million-dollar structure on a fifty-cent design.



WENT A LITTLE TOO FAR.

MISS FAIRWEATHER.—What is the matter, Papa dear? — You are not angry because George — Mr. Popkins — asked you for my hand?

MR. FAIRWEATHER.—Oh, no! that's all right; — but, confound him, he borrowed my umbrella to go home with!

ROAS' - MUTT'N - BEEF - CHICK'N - LAMBPIC.

PROFESSOR.—Your memory seems to have entirely deserted you, sir, since the Spring term!

STUDENT (*apologetically*).—Yes, sir. I suppose that's due to my having taken orders at a Summer hotel during the vacation.

A WOMAN'S WEAPON.

My bleeding heart her scorn has rued,
Yet I lament the cruel maid
Who shrugged her shoulder when I sued,
And cut me with her shoulder-blade.

John Ludlow.



A NECESSARY PART.

MRS. KIDD.—Why, Willy, what are you doing to Horace?

WILLY.—Playing doctor.

MRS. KIDD.—But you are frightening him awfully.

WILLY.—Yes; I'm the doctor.

TO SIGNOR WILUHABBI BANANI,
ON HIS SINGING.

By a New Poet.

WE HEARD you sing, while every note,
We thought, came from a (bloat, goat,
shote, throat),
We thought, came from Apollo's throat.

The trill-tones trembling in the hush
Did seem like (slush, mush, gush, thrush).
Did seem like warblings of the thrush.

We closed our eyes to catch it all,
It was a wondrous (bawl, yaul, squall, gall),
It was a wondrous madrigal.

One said, who was supremely thrilled,
That you should be (gilled, stilled, killed, billed),
That you should be for opera billed.

We blessed ourselves that we had ears,
And at each verse we gave you (beers, leers, jeers, cheers),
And at each verse we gave you cheers.

A touching theme the music had,
None ever made us half so (mad, bad, shad, sad),
None ever made us half so sad.

Our interest, it never lagged,
And we were (fagged, nagged, gagged, bragged),
And we were they who clap't and bragged.

And when the song fell to a sigh
We felt as if we could but (guy, fly, die, cry),
We felt as if we could but cry.

Sing on, sing on, and reap the fruit,
While all your hearers (scoot, hoot, shoot, boot, loot, snoot, mute),
While all your hearers listen mute!

A. W. Bellaw.

JOHN L. is more of a Sadiator than a Gladiator, now.

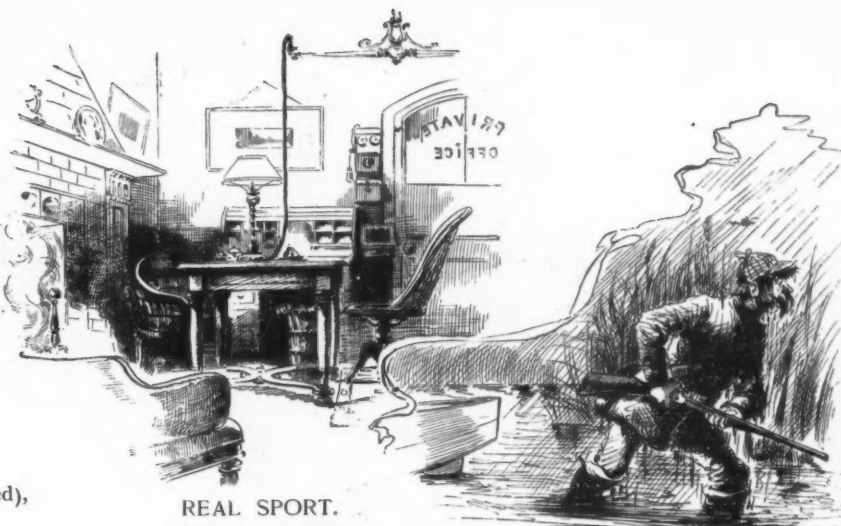
THE SPOILSMAN'S MOTTO—"One Good Turn-out Deserves Another."



A LIGHT MEAL.

WEARY RAGGLES.—Did yer git anythin' ter eat?

TATTERDON TORNE.—Yes; and it wuz the lightest meal I ever struck. Yer see, I tackled the old woman fer a feed. She said she did n't have nothin' fer me, and I wuz givin' her a piece of me mind, when the old man came out and made me eat me words.



REAL SPORT.

(Where the Sportsman
Labors.)

(Where He Recreates.)

COULD HEAR HIM.

CHARCOAL-MAN (colored gentleman going up back alley).—Char-co-o-al! Charcoal!

COLORED COOK (from kitchen door).—Shut up! whuffer yo' mek such a noise?

CHARCOAL-MAN.—Kin you heah me?

COLORED COOK.—Kin I heah you? I carnt heah nuffin else when yo' done open you big brack mouf an' holler like that. Ob cose I kin heah yo'!

CHARCOAL-MAN.—Good; dat what I 'se hollerin' foh. Charc-o-oal!

NOT DEAD YET.

JOHN SULLIVAN, my jo, John,
When first we were acquaint,
You trod this earth a king, John,
Your path was red as paint!
But now you 're in the soup, John,
Jim Corbett 's all the go—
His mark is on your nose and jaw,
John Sullivan, my jo.

John Sullivan, my jo, John,
Your mighty rush was vain
At that bold tiger of the West
That rent the lion's mane!
Now you must totter down, John,
Don't tread upon my toe!
I've still a vast respect for you!
John Sullivan, my jo.

W. B. G.



THE DARWINIAN THEORY
VINDICATED.

Human beings do sometimes spring
from apes.

SATAN HAS WORK FOR
IDLE HANDS.

MR. FUSSY.—My dear, I
can't see why you are always holding up your skirt with one hand.

MRS. FUSSY (sweetly).—Because I have no trouser pocket to stuff
my hand into.

THE WALKING DELEGATE.

"Yez had better not do anny worruk," says he,
"Till yez j'ine the Union, Moike."
So I pawned me coat and me Sunday shoes,
And I j'ined the Union and paid me dues—
Thin he ordered me out on stroike.

WHEN A MAN feels like "soaking his head," he usually finds that
nobody cares to advance anything on it.

QUARANTINE MOTTO—"No Germ uns Allowed."

THE ONLY thing that Prohibition has ever prohibited is an honorable
statement of facts.

"JOHN L." won't go any more. The query will arise, "John L.
What?"

CAN WE not accuse the Mediaeval Knight of "talking through his
hat" when he howled defiance from behind a closed helmet?



1. MILKING-TIME AT "OPHIR FARM"—
As unsophisticated Republican voters imagine it.



2. BREAKING A COLT AT "OPHIR FARM"—
As seen by the mind's eye of innocent
Republican believers.



4. HAYING-TIME AT "OPHIR FARM"—
A pastoral, existing in the dreams of credulous
Republican newspaper readers.



6. THE DINNER-HOUR AT
"OPHIR FARM"—
A pleasing vision in the minds of
unquestioning Republican freemen.



8. THE REAL "OPHIR FARM"—
WITH FARMER REID IN THE



FARM"—
innocent



3. REAPING THE CROP
AT "OPHIR FARM"—
As fancy pictures it to the simple
Republican devotee.



THE REAL "OPHIR FARM,"—
FORMER REID IN THE FOREGROUND.

J. Oppen
7



5. FEEDING THE
PIGS AT "OPHIR FARM"—
A mental mirage of unsus-
picious Republican supporters.



7. EATING DINNER WITH THE HIRED MEN AT "OPHIR FARM."—
As painted by the glowing imaginations of childlike Republican citizens.



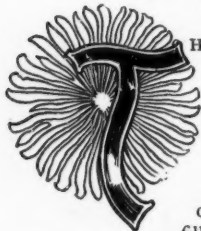
HER LIFE AS PRECIOUS AS HIS.

MRS. MOONEY.—Yez don't hov Dochter McCarthy any more?

MRS. FAGAN.—No. Whin he was sick he called in anither dochter. If he would n't trust himself to dochter himself, Oi don't trust him to dochter me.

A HARROWING DEDICATION.

"To my father and mother, whose half-century pilgrimage on the main-traveled road of life has brought them only toil and deprivation, this book of stories is dedicated by a son to whom every day brings a deepening sense of his parents' silent heroism."—[Author's dedication of "Main-Traveled Roads," by Hamlin Garland.]



THE CALAMITOUS condition of things under our present system has been fully set forth in the political platform of the People's Party of this year. But that platform, as well as the writings of Henry George, Edward Bellamy, and the other leading propagandists of divers proposed systems, is general in its application. It gives no individual cases of misery caused by our present system. Mr. Garland, however, fills a long-felt want in calamity literature, and cites his own parents as a horrible example of what men and women suffer under our present régime.

Many of us, who have been living a number of years in a most unreasonable state of cheerfulness, will be surprised to find our whole natures changed by this startling revelation of Mr. Hamlin Garland. That a fifty-years' journey should have brought nothing to Mr. Garland's parents but toil and deprivation is indeed a painful commentary upon the shortcomings of our age. No illustration better calculated to cast a desirable shade of gloom over the too merry masses could be devised by the author than this simple statement concerning his parents.

If it be a fact that the half-century pilgrimage of Mr. Garland's parents has brought them nothing but toil and deprivation, no man can any longer stand up in defense of our present system. But is it a fact? There seems to be some ground for a suspicion that Mr. Hamlin Garland may be laboring under a mistake. He speaks of his parents' "silent heroism." That seems to prove that his parents have never themselves said anything about the toil and deprivation. Is it not possible, then, that he may have misinterpreted his parents' reticence? In his morbid ambition to convince everybody that life is not worth living; and that marriage, with everything else, is a failure, he may have written, unadvisedly; as, by his own statement, he has done so without his parents' authority.

Perhaps, after all, if Mr. Garland's parents could be induced to speak, they would put the matter in a different light. Without disclaiming a large amount of toil and deprivation, they might confess to having, like the rest of us, experienced a few of the pleasures of life. They might call up certain sweet memories of county fairs, circuses, village balls and other

little things not in the category with toil and deprivation. Upon cross-examination they might even admit that they have at times reckoned their admiring but morose son as a little something that their life's pilgrimage has brought them, not wholly entirely and *ab initio* in the nature of toil or deprivation.

Therefore, it may be well for those people who have been in the habit of taking life philosophically, to await a fuller investigation into the case of Mr. Garland's parents before joining the gang of would-be smashers of the present order of things. Let us remember that our present system is several thousand years old, and not act hastily.

ADVICE.

He told his little son that he
Ought not to spend a penny,
But put each copper in his bank,
And so get very many.
He said that he himself, when young,
Pursued that self-same system;
He saved his pennies, one by one,
And so he never missed 'em!
That when he grew to man's estate,
It yielded rich resources.
But he failed to add that he spent it then
On cigarettes and horses.

Mittens Willett.

MAMA (to JOHNNY, who is showing-off during the call of the minister).—You must behave yourself, or Mama will have to take you up to the nursery. What did Mama do to you yesterday when she took you up to the nursery?

JOHNNY (promptly).—You knocked the dickens out of me.



"A GANG OF YOUNG TOUGHS."

AJAX AND A LIVE WIRE.

Ajax defied the lightning,—yet
Were he to set his hand
Against a wire alive with fire
His defiance would n't stand.

N. W.



DAME FORTUNE SMILED.

LAMBKIN.—Congratulate me, old fellow. I'm in great luck. I went to the races yesterday—
SHARP.—And won—
LAMBKIN.—And only lost five dollars.



A Milder Torture.

BARBER (testing the razor).—Do I hurt you, sir?

BAIRD.—No; not so badly as the last man who had me in his chair.

BARBER (highly gratified).—Who was that?

BAIRD.—The dentist.

BEYOND REACH OF COMMON KING.

"Cophetua swear a royal oath,
'This beggar maid shall be my queen!'"*
Which, I allow, was boldly quoth
By King Cophetua XVI.
But say, good poet, do you know,
He'd ne'er have dared thus to unfurl
His tongue if that young beggar maid
Had been his mother's hired girl?

G. A. E.

*Tennyson.

THERE ARE plain tires, cushion tires and pneumatic tires; but the most common bicycle tire is the one acquired by riding it.

CALLED OUT ON STRIKES—The Militia.

IT IS a very poor mechanic who can not get his photograph in the newspapers as a prominent labor leader.

DEAR MCKINLEY: Don't you think that the Iron Hall difficulty shows the need of a higher tariff on iron? Yours ironically,

S. MART HALLECK.

THE MAN who has wisdom never tries to guess what an embroidery pattern is meant to represent.

A POLITICIAN is a "statesman" who will generously overlook any difference of opinion on your part—if you only vote his way.

HIS JUST DESERTS.



MAN IN THE SEAT BEHIND.—By gosh! That's great!



THE MAN WITH THE PAPER.—Ya-as—red-hot!

BROOKLYN.

DEAR MAY:

Ere Fortune came to you
I smile to think of how you spurned it;
And in those days you gave your heart
To me; I have not yet returned it.

JACK.

NEW YORK, Fifth Ave.

DEAR JACK.

'T is true that Fortune's ways
To new and strange ideas lead one;
As for that heart I gave to you,
Pray keep it. Here I never need one.

MAY.

P. McArthur.

FOGGS.—The first thing we know, the country will be flooded with depreciated silver currency.
BOGGS.—Who cares? Probably we can dispose of it as American tin.



No, gentle reader, Mr. Mulvaney is not hopelessly intoxicated. He has just fallen down three flights of spiral staircase, that is all.

THE MAN who can honestly say that he does n't believe there is any such thing as luck, must be in pretty easy circumstances.

THE GOLDEN-ROD and sumach are gently blowing along the way, and the squirrel is capering lightly along the swaying bough; but the most significant picture of this beautiful dreamy period of the year is that of Whitelaw Reid sitting in the solitude of the high tower, looking wistfully into the horizon of the future, while tenderly chewing the cud of great expectations with the false teeth of hope.

"The Runaway Browns," by H. C. Bunner, illustrated by C. J. Taylor, has reached its second edition. We predict several more.—*Boston Times.*

PUCK's contributions to the "campaign of education" is a "Tariff Reform Extra Number," which is devoted exclusively to the question which the country is now debating. Pictures are not arguments, but they can often be used to elucidate arguments most effectively; and as to these elucidations by PUCK, whether one is convinced by them or not, one is sure to be amused, so wittily are they conceived and so cleverly are they drawn.—*Home Journal, N. Y.*

PUCK's authors and artists have never yet written or drawn anything that was not clever. One of the best things of PUCK's weekly issue is its short stories. They are always capital, and the illustrations that go with them are excellent conceptions. Now, why will not a bound volume of these short stories sell like hot cakes or roasted peanuts? They will. "Mavericks" is No. 3 of PUCK's Stories. It is artistically printed, and contains stories by Brander Matthews, Cook, Jessop, "Sidney," Munkittrick, and Bunner; illustrations by Taylor and Oppen and Dalrymple. This is the most valuable series PUCK has yet issued, judged from a literary standard.—*Books, Denver, Colo.*

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vided with this WEAR.

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A FIN DE SIECLE IDYL.
 WINKERS.—Yes, I'm married. Some years ago I started out to select a bicycle; wanted the best, of course, and Mary, whom I had never seen, started out about the same time to select a typewriter. We met and married.
 FRIEND.—Did you meet at a store?
 WINKERS.—No; we met in a lunatic asylum.
 —New York Weekly.
 A BOILING tea kettle does its best to whistle like a steam engine.—Ram's Horn.



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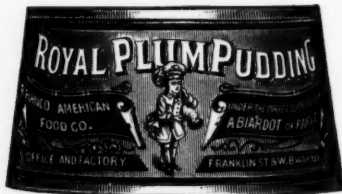
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 —Harper's Bazar.

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A GOOD REASON.

FIRST BOY.—Why do they call all goats Billy goats and Nanny goats? Why don't they call 'em Georgie goats, and Johnny goats, and Jimmy goats, an' so on?

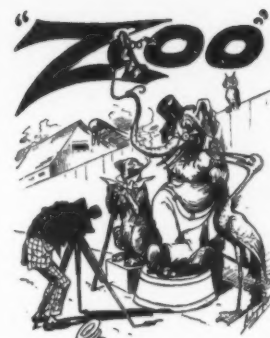
SECOND BOY.—Why, goats looks so much alike you can't tell 'em apart; so wot 's the use of havin' diff'rent names? — *Street & Smith's Good News.*

SOME people maintain that a laborer should get all his refreshments from the crow-bar. — *Texas Siftings.*

The importation of G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry Champagne into this country from January 1, 1892, to September 1, 1892, amounts to 42,255 cases, being 3,922 cases more than of any other brand. These figures speak volumes for the popularity of this famous wine.

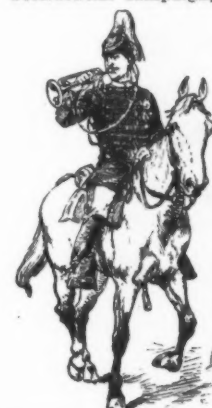
WHENEVER the devil sees a real good man he sets about making a dozen hypocrites. — *Ram's Horn.*

A HARLEM goat has just chewed up the family eight-day clock. He consumed considerable time in doing it, too. — *Yonkers Statesman.*



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FRIEND.—What was your graduation essay about?

MABEL.—"What the Astronomers Know About Mars."

FRIEND.—Dear me! Why did you choose that subject?

MABEL.—Because I did n't have time to write much.—*New York Weekly.*

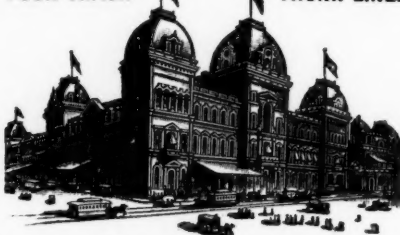
Did you ever try to break a lead dollar, and find how hard it is?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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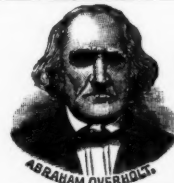
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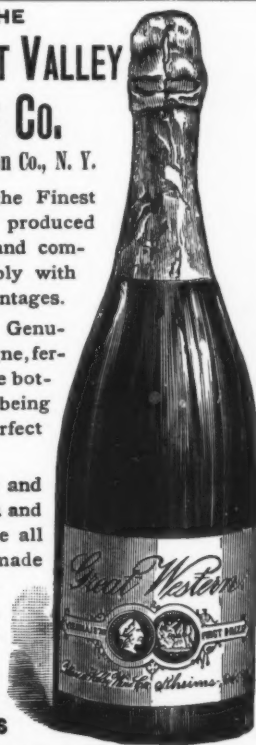
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The Runaway Browns.

Mr. Bunner has given us in "The Runaway Browns," a very natural and extremely amusing bit of adventure which turns out as happily as any fairy story. It does not often happen that two people marry whose lives before have been so uneventful that an overabundance of money after marriage gives them no hint of the possibilities of enjoyment to be gained from the spending of it. Given, too, a delightful little house filled with such pretty things as money can buy, it seems as if reasonable human beings might enjoy life. But these Browns did n't; and, it is evident, could n't; so they wisely ran away. They continued running for a whole week, a week filled so full of adventures that even the reader of it seems to have lived months; and then they came back to the dear old home and the motherly housekeeper, and the outlook for the young Browns is so promising that instinctively we wish it might dawn upon other young people afflicted with purposeless lives to go and do likewise. "The Runaway Browns" has appeared serially in PUCK, where doubtless it has found many friends to welcome its appearance in book form as one of the Mulberry Series. It is appropriately illustrated by C. J. Taylor. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann.—*Boston Times.*

NOBODY has yet claimed that Vice-President Morton will take the stump.—*Detroit Free Press.*



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BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Bilious and Nervous Ills.

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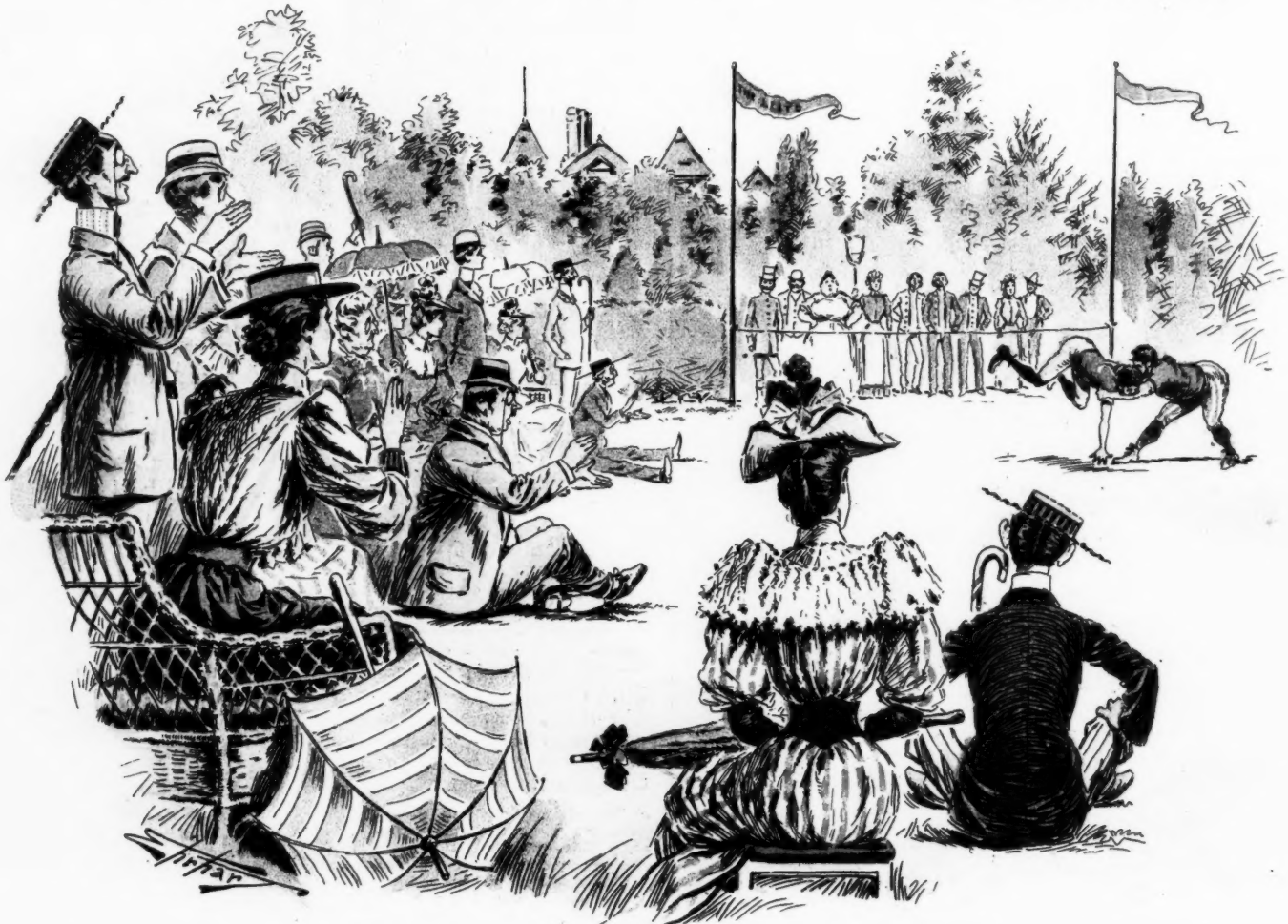
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Drinking bouts between Butler and Coachman might settle the question where most of the liquor disappears to.



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